THE PACIFIC

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Where runs the river? Who can say
Who hath not followed all the way
By alders green and sedges gray
And blossoms blue?

Where runs the river? Hill and wood
Curve round to hem the eager flood;
It cannot straightly as it would
Its path pursue.

Yet this we know: O'er whatso plains
Or rocks or waterfalls it strains,
At last the Vast the stream attains;
And I, and you!

—Francis W. Bourdillon.

THE PACIFIC

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FOR CONGREGATIONALISM AND THE CHURCH KINGDOM.

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CORRESPONDENT OPENS UP AN INTERNATIONAL PROBLEM OF MUCH IMPORT.

In The Pacific for July 18 the following item appeared on our "Chronicle and Comment" page:

"Let China become a military nation and the West will have ten Japans to fear, says Sun Yat Sen."

A reader who seems to think that there is something erroneous or subtly dangerous in that item, sends us the following and asks that we put it in our "Chronicle and Comment":

"In reply to Sun Yat Sen a correspondent familiar with Japan and the Orient says that if the world has no more to fear from China than it has from Japan, absolute peace will prevail for a thousand years."

The Editor has not found time, with his multiplicity of duties to write any "Chronicle and Comment" for two weeks. Moreover this note from an outside source, with nothing in it to indicate who the person claiming to be familiar with Japan and the Orient is, does not impress us as something to be placed with notes of an editorial nature. Further it seems to us to call for some editorial comment, opening up as it does an exceedingly vital question, and then summarily dismissing it with what in our judgment is an extravagant assertion—that there is no danger of war with either Japan or China for a thousand years; and so, no danger at all; and, therefore, nothing to be guarded against by us as a people.

The Pacific is hoping that the war now being waged will be brought to such a conclusion that war in the future will be rendered almost if not entirely impossible. But if such should not be the outcome in the war's conclusion and in the settlements following it, then the danger of war with the peoples of the Orient is far from beng so remote as our correspondent holds it to be

Evidence in support of this conviction is to be had in unlimited amount from the most authoritative sources. And The Pacific would be recreant to its duty and to all the ideals and standards of the sixty-seven years of its existence if it should neglect to make plain this fact. The subject is too vast for treatment in brief, in an editorial; it is, moreover, one that should not be at the front at this awful time in the world's history; and yet one that must not be lost sight of or ignored.

We can at this time do no more than merely touch on this serious question. For instance, in The New Republic for July 13—a journal in which are considered from all view points the great questions of the day—there was an article entitled, "What Japan is Thinking." The writer of the article, G. Shibata, a Japanese business man, a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, has been the representative in Washington of the Osaka Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Shibata stated in the beginning of his contribution that it had become increasingly apparent that certain questions as to Japan's attitude on the war ought not to go unanswered. His article was just such a frank statement of Japanese thought and feeling with respect to the war and the attitude of the United States and Great Britain and other European nations on questions having international relations as Professor Anesaki of the Imperial University of Japan made several times in addresses while in attendance at the Semi-Centenary of the University of California; and such as many others are making.

One great reason given why Japan was not more deeply involved in the present struggle was: "Racial discrimination against us on the part of all English-speaking nations —although our loyalty to the Allied cause is guaranteeing the safety of the vast Asiatic possessions of the Allies." Mr. Shibata went on to remark: "It cannot be too strongly stated that it would be impossible to rouse Japan to fight for democratic principles that have no impartial application. But pride and a sense of chivalry long inculcated in our tradition does not permit us to importune the English-speaking nations regarding the matter of Japanese exclusion, especially at a time when they are involved in a great struggle. But this delicate problem must be mentioned because a courteous and yet frank exchange of views can alone save nations from the long misunderstandings which culminate in frightful wars." We cannot quote Mr. Shibata more at length now on this point. Suffice it to remark that we do not see how any Christian can wish to refuse what he says the Japanese desire, "to be accorded equal treatment with other nations and races." Only this; nothing more—nothing that would permit our land to be overrun by that people.

But this question of the treatment of the Japanese we are not considering here—the justice or injustice of it, the many intricacies of the problem. We are merely calling attention to the fact that the Japanese present to us in this a matter with which there are, in their judgment, those "misunderstandings which culminate in frightful wars." Another great reason given in this article, "What Japan is Thinking," great reason why Japan is not more deeply involved in the present struggle is the economic one. No one who reads widely will fail to discern that this point also brings us as a people face to face with a great problem, not to be dismissed with two or three lines, nor with an editorial.

About five years ago we asked the Rev. Dr. Sidney L. Gulick, a man who knows Japan as thoroughly as any foreigner, whether war was not likely to come between Japan and the United States within fifteen years if there was not a change in our treatment of the Japanese, and the reply was that it would come sooner than that. In 1915 at the Monday meeting of the ministers in San Francisco the question with Dr. Gulick's reply was presented to the Rev. Dr. Hilton Pedley, for several decades also in mission and educational work in Japan, and assent was given to what Dr. Gulick had said.

But mankind, let us hope, has been in the years since and is now in the very thick of the most awful conflict the

world has ever known—getting away from war.

A little space now for China! China is awakening. Napoleon once said that when China awoke she would change the face of tht globe. In a book published in 1916 bearing the title, "China; An Interpretation," Bishop Bashford of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who has spent several years in that country, writes of the transition of civilization in China from the family to the national stage as the most marked characteristic of the last fifteen years of Chinese public life, and remarks: "The time is speedily coming when the three or four hundred millions of Chinese welded together as a nation will be invincible to any foes which may be hurled against them." Writing at that time a warning to Japan to deal justly with China Bishop Bashford said: "She (Japan) will find that the military stage is the earliest and easiest form of civilization for a nation to assume. The art of war is speedily learned so far as the masses are concerned. General Gordon's estimate of the Chinese soldiers was, that if well armed, well drilled, well fed, clothed and paid and well led, they are equal to British soldiers."

A few weeks ago in an address on China, at the Monday meeting of the ministers in San Francisco, the Rev. F. M. Price, who has spent many years with them, declared that the Chinese ranked as one of the "brainiest" people on the earth.

The call today is to the people of the United States to study most careful this question of our relations to the Orient. The solution of the problem will demand diplomacy and statesmanship based on the teachings of the Man of Nazareth enforced by a thoroughly enlightened and united Christian consciousness.

THE RELEASING OF POWER.

We are finding high values in these days in much that was formerly considered as only waste material. In a town not far from my home is a cement plant that was once a great annoyance to near-by orange growers because of the clouds of cement dust that settled on the orange trees. The dust was also injurious to the employees of the plant. Some one conceived the idea of precipitating the fine dust by electrical action, and it was found to contain potash in the form of crystalized salts that is in great demand at the present time, and being scarce is very valuable. At this writing the company is devoting its entire attention to recovering the potash, and treats the cement as a by-product. Value, power, vital force may often be found in materials and in men that have been estimated as lacking in these qualities.

Jesus said, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth," but men have been slow to believe it. The human mind has been set, perhaps more than many more or less thoughtful people have realized, in a materialistic line. An undue emphasis has been placed upon "bread" and too little emphasis upon "every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God;" too much upon "the meat that perisheth," too little upon "that meat which endureth unto everlasting life." Many who have been ready enough with the statement that "Christ is the greatest man that ever lived" have at the same time failed to grasp the fact that he possesses virile power which every man may share, which will save the world. When looking for power have we not often bowed down to gods of wood and stone even while claiming to place our faith in the kingly authority, the majesty of Jesus Christ? By a sort of half-faith in him have we not compelled much of his power to remain unreleased which, if precipitated through the action of a more vigorous faith, would have been filtered into human affairs and brought the race along more rapidly toward the day when

> "The golden age on earth
> Will be a time of peace;
> When wars of greed shall cease;
> Envy shall fail;
> Mercy prevail;
> Creeds shall not separate;
> Caste shall be out of date;
> Love shall all hearts enfold—
> In that fair age of gold?"

Writing of "The Measure of a Nation" Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, said concerning our own nation of which we are so justly proud: "The United States is not ours in the proudest sense, and cannot be ours in that sense, until we are doing all that can be done to give to its people and to the world the full expression of its highest intelligence applied alike to its resources and to its economic and social life." Many of us give assent to the royal declaration of King Jesus that "all power is given unto me in heaven and in earth;" but does not that imply responsibility on our part to be doing all that can be done to give to the world the fullest expression of that power that it may be applied to the needs of the world, pressing the race along into stronger, purer, nobler spheres of grace and usefulness?

W. N. B.

DEAN BROWN, OF YALE, IN HIS FORMER PULPIT IN OAKLAND.

Dean Charles R. Brown of the School of Religion, Yale University, preached in his old pulpit in the First Congregational Church of Oakland last Sunday evening to a congregation that more than taxed the capacity of the large auditorium. Twenty minutes before the time for the services to begin there were only a few seats remaining. Many came about the time for the opening of the services, looked in and went away, but at least a hundred remained and stood throughout.

Dr. Van Horn, the pastor, gave gracious welcome to his predecessor. In prefatory remarks, just before announcing his text, Dr. Brown said that he had come to the Oakland Church when he was 33, and had departed when he was 48—the years when we form our deepest and most enduring friendships. It was a noble church, he remarked, to which he came—finely led down through the previous years by those two godly men—Drs. Mooar and McLean, for whose sympathy and counsel and help in varied ways while he was pastor, he thanked God. Two reasons were given by Dr. Brown why he had not entered the pastorate again, several calls having been given him—one reason, that he had a satisfying work in Yale; and the other the lurking fear that he mght never find a church that would be to him and to Mrs. Brown what First Church, Oakland, had been—a church of which they still spoke of as "our church."

Announcing as his text the words of King David, "O my son Absalom, my son, my son, would I had died for thee," Dr. Brown stated that the story of this life of Absalom as well as other parts of the Bible, presented human nature at its best and at its worst. The Bible holds the mirror up to human nature, and shows it as a mirror shows a man's face with all its wrinkles. He spoke of David the father as "hard hit" by the conduct of Absalom his son, and stated that if he could write the words wrung from that stricken father's heart across that pulpit platform as they are written on the pages of the Bible it would not be necessary for him to add anything. Then came a graphic word picture of the love of David for Absalom—his

joy in gratifying every ambition of his son, his affection as it shone on him being like the shining of the sun in all its strength. Absalom had, in brief, everything but a soul—and that is something that no man can have given to him; he must find it for himself. With all his old-time grip on his hearers Dr. Brown led on to that period in the life of that loved son when he began to sow seeds of discontent and dissension—with a courtesy to the people that was merely a surface polish to aid to the gaining of his unholy aims. He not only sinned aganst a great love, but he added the sin of religious hypocrisy. Far better, was the thought impressively uttered, to stand out in open evil than to seek to cover wickedness with pious phrases.

In considering the grief of King David over the fall of his son there was vivid setting forth of the great truth that no man liveth unto himself, no man dieth unto himself, no man sinneth unto himself—that we "are bound together in a moral solidarity from which there is no escape any more than there is from the law of gravitation."

In the latter part of the discourse the life of today was linked with those lives and events back there in those early Bible days, and words of inspiration and of courage uttered for fathers and mothers who now have their sons across the seas on the battlefields of France. After speaking of the heartache of the Eternal, of "pain felt all the way up to the Great White Throne," characterizing that cry from the lips and heart of David as the echo of a cry that comes down through the ages from the heart of the Eternal over the sins of his children, Dr. Brown contrasted with David's feelings the feelings of fathers and mothers who were having their sons snatched from them now on the bloody fields of France in the effort to stay and defeat the onslaught against civilization throughout the world. All pointed up to Him who of old, from eternity, spared not His own Son. It was shown that there was both glory and power in thus losing their lives in France, that the moral reactions of sacrificial effort are always sublime and that what will be there accomplished will bring joy not only to the hearts of fathers on earth, but as well to the Father in Heaven.

SECRETARY BARTON OF THE AMERICAN BOARD ON THE COAST IN INTERESTS OF ARMENIAN AND SYRIAN RELIEF.

Twenty-four counties in California were represented at the luncheon at the Palace Hotel, when Dr. James L. Barton of the American Board and Mr. Vickery of New York City spoke concerning the work of the Armenian and Syrian Relief Society, with which they are prominently identified. Although Dr. Barton is on this tour of the country instead of being away from his work on a vacation he spoke of it as a blessed rest and inspiration.

Much valuable information came forth in these two addresses. Dr. Barton showed that every dollar contributed went to the Relief work, that all expenses in this country were otherwise provided for and that the distributors in the needy countries were missionaries paid by the societies employing them, government officials or persons otherwise supported. It was stated that the persons carrying on the work of the Relief Society had no pride of organization, that they had consulted with and offered to give way to the Red Cross Society who asked them to continue, saying it would be impossible for that organization to take and carry on the work. The two organizations are co-operat-

Mr. Cleveland Dodge, a New York business man who is connected with both societies, gave one million dollars to the Red Cross at the time of its first drive, and later a half a million. He says this Armenian and Syrian Relief work gets hold of his whole being. Twelve million dollars have been paid out to suffering, starving people thus far. In November the society will ask for thirty millions—not much when the giving of a dollar a month to the many in need would require 120 million for a year.

It is as Mr. Vickery said in his address, Congress might well appropriate something as a loan to these stricken people as it has done for the people of Belgium, but there is no nation to deal with as in Belgium, and so a governmental loan is impossible.

The call, as Mr. Vickery put it, is for the people of this country to think in larger terms or be responsible for the death of countless thousands.

Dr. Barton and Mr. Vickery were in San Francisco only a few hours. They came from Los Angeles where they had spoken the previous day. In the evening a reception was given them in the First Congregational Church of Berkeley, at which time they spoke briefly. Then they took the train for Portland, where, as our Oregon correspondent states, they spoke on Sunday.

THE STORY OF THE PACIFIC—THE FIRST RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER ESTABLISHED IN CALIFORNIA.

Article II.

Although as stated in our article last week, The Pacific was established on the 1st of August, 1851, as a weekly publication, the second number was not printed until August 29. It was announced in the first number that there would be a delay of a few weeks in the perfecting and carrying out of the plans for its regular weekly publication. Larger support was expected for such a paper from the mining regions and from the smaller cities and towns than in San Francisco. The Rev. J. W. Douglas, the office editor, held also the proprietorship of the paper; and though financial aid was given and the editorial work to considerable extent was done by Messrs. Benton, Willey and Hunt, it was left to Mr. Douglas to do much also as editor, and to build up a subscription list that would make possible the continuance of the enterprise. Accordingly he saddled a horse and struck out for the mountains and the mines and did not return for several weeks.

The second number was issued before Mr. Douglas returned—he reporting from time to time good success in securing subscribers. Three good men who believed in the enterprise had pledged themselves for the editorial work in the main, and they stood by nobly for many years. Dr. Willey stated some years ago that in the first years of The Pacific he gave a day to it every week; and Dr. Benton, from the beginning down through many years, wrote from two to three thousand words for it every week.

Commenting on the first issue, the Star, a leading daily paper, remarked that The Pacific reflected "great credit on its editors and publishers," and judged that it "would meet a much neglected want."

The Alta, the other leading daily said: "The Pacific has been started in the spirit of broad philanthrophy; and if it is sustained as it deserves to be, it must from its character prove a mighty agent for good to the country."

The Sonora Herald expressed the judgment that The Pacific would have a large circulation in the mines, that no solicitation would be needed to secure subscribers where its character was known.

The Mountain People.

In the second number of The Pacific there was an editorial concerning the mountain region people to whom the new paper was looking for much of its patronage and on

whom also it was hoping to exercise a moulding influence for good. As The Pacific surveyed the new state back there in 1851, this in part is what it said:

"There are nearly 150,000 people in California for whom the English tongue is vernacular. The rural districts are but sparsely populated. About fifty thousand inhabit our principal cities. The large majority are located among the hills, between the plains, bordering on the large rivers and the heights of the Sierra Nevada, in a region about two hundred miles long by fifty wide. Here, on river bars, in ravines, down in deep shafts, amid veins of auriferous quartz, and along the lines of majestic hills, are the rough, brawny, sinewy forms of the miners seen, who constitute the strength and bulk of our population. Here they toil on, vigorously, incessantly. . . . The unshorn faces and rough attire of these men are indications of no barbarianism. Their dress may be uncouth, but it is only a badge of the craft; it marks their pursuit as now. Many of them are well educated men, of highly cultivated minds, who in former days have moved in polished and refined circles and held posts of honor and trust in large communities. The mass have been steady, independent laborers at home in the shop or on the farm. Not a few are young men who have just attained their majority and have never set up for themselves or essayed the stern realities of life, and the rigors and requirements of a fixed pursuit. . . . To such men, so situated, are committed to no small extent the destinies of our young state; on their action the welfare and prosperity, political, social, and moral, must largely depend. . .. . Political men have already discovered the overpowering strength of this region. . . . Not only does the political strength of the state abide here among the mountains, but also much of its social influence and moral power. The character of that influence and power is not yet fully determined."

Declaring that it was a weighty problem those mountain people were solving—and that so overwhelmingly important was the solution that it could not be overlooked, the new paper stated it as its purpose soon to give it some special attention—if possible, some elucidation.

The Press in California in August, 1851.

At the time when The Pacific was started there were twenty newspapers in California. Eight were dailies. Twelve were weeklies and tri-weeklies. Ten had passed out of existence. In an article in which consideration was given to the influence of the press and the need therefor, The Pacific said: "The number of daily and weekly issues from every city and important village testify to the right appreciation of this great instrument of power. These keep us informed of the constant development of our resources. These present and discuss the great topics of interest to our various communities. The organs of rival parties are spies in each other's camp and public watchmen on the walls of our political and commercial commonwealth. They speak loudly and their voice is heard afar. They, for the most part, speak plainly and well. Their influence is good. They have generally been fearless in their attacks on corruption and vices in high and low places. They are doing nobly in advocacy of needful public and private reforms. They are doing much to purify and elevate public sentiment, and so to correct the many public and social evils under which we have suffered. We are by no means asham- of the character the tone of our press has given us in the eastern states."

But having said this there was more to be said, and the writer of that editorial back there in 1851 continued: "But while our political and commercial interests have reporters, our churches have had none—only as an occasional column has been generously given us by the secular press. Now, however essential to our growth, peace, and prosperity, laws and trade may be religion will have more than either to do with the character and happiness of our citizens. And the means by which the principles and precepts of our holy religion may be disseminated throughout the state, and urged upon the minds of the present generation, should be multiplied to every possible extent. There are higher questions to discuss than those of mere state polity. The attention of men needs to be called to higher interests than those of trade. We need an advocate of something more than mere external reform. Our citizens need lessons on a 'law and order' more than human."

It was stated in this editorial on the need for a religious newspaper that the good tidings with which some of its columns would be filled were proclaimed of course from the pulpits, but that this great work needed such supplementing as the paper could give, and that in remote regions to which it would go, it would preach where the living voice of the preacher was not heard—and mixed as religious matter would be in its columns with much of general intelligence, it would be read where Bible and tract were never read.

The State of the Country.

An article in that first number of The Pacific, on "The State of the Country" affords a picture of California as it was at that time—especially of San Francisco. As to Commerce it was said: "Business is dull. Merchants are complaining. Many are not paying expenses. Goods sell at auction at ruinous prices. The only hope for the importer is to hold on for better times. Commission Merchants who get their percentage on the sale, whatever may be the loss to the owner; the auctioneer who gets his share however low the bid; the shipper who can realize at least the freight from the the sale of the cargo; perhaps also the warehouse man who can retain goods as security for storage—these may be making some money. But men in regular business wish they had no goods to sell. They look back to the brisk trade and profits of last year, and they seem like the awakened sleeper who looks back on golden dreams. Fires have brought down many to first principles. Repeated losses have discouraged some. A few have given up in despair. Not a few are trying just once more. All tremble at the great insecurity. All feel embarrassed at the fluctuations of trade. Even those within thick walls and iron shutters cast a trembling glance at the half fallen walls of some fire-proof ruins near at hand, or look dubiously over the accounts of debtors whose perishable stores may burn ere morning."

Mining, we learn from this first number of The Pacific, was on the whole the great, successful business in California—placer mining, it was stated, would not last long, but in the quartz were untold riches. Farming, it was evident though falling below the expectations raised the year before, would prove profiitable in 1851, and it was evident that the agricultural resources and possibilities had been greatly underrated.

It was noted in that first number that there had been marked improvements in a social way. The population was not so exclusively male. Women and children had arrived and families were then constituting the communities. Refining elements were mingling with the sterner, rougher qualities of men and they were becoming better citizens as their wives and children called for protection and education. Public interests were no longer so lost in private speculations. And the increasing attention paid to schools, the changed and improving appearance of congregations at the churches, the more elevated tone of the press, the sobered feelings of men of all classs, evinced in the judgment of The Pacific a more wholesome public sen-

timent and a gratifying return to the only paths of prosperity.

It was stated that with commendable liberality all classes were contributing to build and support churches; and that houses of worship were filled to overflowing; that the church bell was heard in far inland towns and villages, and that where there were no churches preachers were found gathering miners and traders in a variety of places and ways for the proclamation of the gospel.Nevertheless came the acknowledgement that they were far from being a religious people. 'Evils abound, vice is unblushing. * * * We constantly sigh over the wreck of character once good and recently good in other circles. We tremble for our youth exposed to these temptations. We often fear that some special judgment will visit this land. Yet God has a people here. A standard of truth has been boldly and successfully uplifted. The right principles are gaining ground. The work of reformation and redemption has commenced. The providence and the word of God are establishing society on a right basis. We possess the elements of a mighty state and a useful and powerful church; and we believe it to be the design of the great Head of both to advance us to a destiny as enviable as it will be noble."

Evil Growing Out of the Haste to Get Rich.

In that first number of The Pacific was printed a sermon on "The Haste to Get Rich," given a short time before by the Rev. T. Dwight Hunt, pastor of the First Congregational Church. He pointed out how and why the emigration to California differed from others theretofore, saying in that connection: "Had the emigration hither been like every other, one of families to locate a home, and not one of single and married men to dig and wrestle for gold to take away, it would not have been true, as it is this day, that this city has not one public school-house within its limits and supports, in a church given gratuitously, but one public teacher. It would not have been true that not one select school is well supported, and not one academy lifts itself up by the side of a church anywhere in the State."

With reference to official mismanagement and corruption Mr. Hunt said: "It is universally believed that public funds have been squandered. Suspicions of bribery on the part of a portion of the judiciary have been equally prevalent. Certain it is that enormous taxes have been levied and a vast sum has been raised by the sale of city property, yet there is nothing to show for this great outlay, while the city groans under a debt the interest of which it cannot pay."

It was stated also by the preacher-editor that "out of more than fifty criminal cases every murderer has escaped and our jails and police have been unable to hold for as many weeks offenders sentenced to years of imprisonment."

In the meantime a desperate gang had multiplied and grown into unblushing boldness till life and property had become insecure and the sleep of citizens broken and fitful through the constant fear and alarm of the incendiary and the burglar. With inefficient protection aganst the midnight torch, or the hand of violence or blood, matters were coming to a crisis, and men with families became doubtful whether their homes would be long their castle from the lusts and cupidity of the desperately wicked."

It was shown then that the love of money was the root of all this, and the haste of all—both offenders as well as sufferers—to accumulate had brought it to its early and fatal maturity.

If there had been public swindling in high places, the persons thus guilty had sought to amass sudden riches. If bribes had turned the scale of justice the judges thus corrupt were seeking to leap into fortune. But it was pointed out that the community was largely to blame for the evils it had suffered. In their haste to be rich men had suffered those in authority to enact laws and measures for their own pockets, and contractors to leech the public treasuries.

Men of reliable character had been too reluctant to act as city officials, because their time was too valuable for business purposes.

Going on from city to state matters, Mr. Hunt stated that the same course of reasoning and acting had made "the state government a mockery and the legislation a farce;" that votes on important questions had been open to the highest bidder, and that the senate had adjourned again and again to "a thousand drinks: The declaration was: "Men best qualified to rule, and having most at stake, have not taken time enough from their business even to vote at our elections. They have deplored existing evils and yet have not exerted themselves to secure a competent and efficient government to suppress and remove them. They have anticipated and dreaded coming trouble, but they have hoped to secure their fortune and leave before it came."

And the ringing call of the sermon was to work to get society on a basis of permanency—to establish homes on these shores and to co-operate for the upbuilding of those reigning influences and institutions which would assure in due time a great Pacific commonwealth—thus only would they be real patriots and begin as freemen and Christians to do their duty to their country and to the new state on these far west shores.

ARMSTRONG WOODS.

By John Wright Buckham.

Congregationalism has not many worshipful temples in California, but it has one noble and majestic cathedral. The discovery came to me as a great surprise in the summer of 1909, when Professor Castor and I explored the banks of the beautiful Russian River. Several times we visited this "first temple" with deep delight—once by moonlight when it was awe inspiring in its impressiveness. I refer to the "Armstrong Woods" in Sonoma County. The reason for connecting it with Congregationalism will appear as I proceed.

A recent Sunday spent in Cloverdale took me so near to this shrine that I determined to make another pilgrimage to it. Leaving the train at Guerneville I walked the two miles and a half to the Woods through the graveyard of a once magnificent forest of redwoods whose reckless undoing nature is covering with a green mantle of charity.

The approach to the Woods is not impressive. The lords of the forest carry themselves with as little of ostentation as great men. But it does not take long after entering their august presence to realize that one is among the mighty of the earth. And they will commune with him if he is in the right mood.

Before attempting a description of this sanctuary, let me state briefly how it happens that, with so many of their comrades gone, these hoary survivors of an ancient race remain. The land on which they stand for many years has been the property of Mrs. W. L. Jones, the widow of one of our well-known early California pastors, and was left her by her father, Col. Armstrong of Santa Rosa. The lumbermen, having profited by their earlier spoilations, have long coveted this rich redwood remnant, and to acquire it they made very tempting financial offers. But Mrs. Jones valued sublimity and sentiment above money. Though pressed for means, she borrowed the money to pay the heavy taxes and kept this temple of God's building inviolate until at length the County realizing its higher worth, bought it and has made of it a sanctuary for the

people—safe at length from the hand of the destroyer.

In addition to her own ardent affection for these great trees and her reverence for her father's memory, Mrs. Jones had a further reason for preserving them. They were dear to her husband and one of the most splendid of them has long borne the name, "Parson Jones." Mr. Jones was one of the worthiest and choicest of the Pilgrim fathers of California. A graduate of Bowdoin College and Bangor Seminary he came to California in 1855. His first pastorate was in the mining town of Comptonville in Yuba County. Thence he went to East Humboldt Bay, now Eureka, where he organized the church in 1859, remaining its pastor until 1868. Other pastorates were in San Juan, Benicia and Oakland. For five years he was president of Oahu College, Honolulu. His last pastorate was at Cloverdale, where he was pastor for fourteen years and where he left a deep impression upon the town and church. Here he was accustomed to take the children of the church on long rambles over the beautiful hills and valleys of Cloverdale. They were organized for this purpose into a club called the "Manzanita Club," the presidency of which was held by the member who found and cut the straightest manzanita cane. Mrs. Grace E. Sample of Cloverdale still holds the honor of this office. It is most fitting that this beloved pastor and nature lover should have named for him the great grey benign tree which is the presiding genius of the Armstrong Woods, standing as it does, with gracious greeting almost at the entrance. Fitting also is it that the tree stands so near the unfailing spring which refreshes the thirsty pilgrim, for Mrs. Jones says of her husband that, as in the line of the old hymn, he "knew all the springs of earth"—or at least of this region.

And here the writer would offer a humble suggestion as to the future naming of these trees. The only other tree as yet christened in the Woods is the symmetrical and superb tree named for Colonel Armstrong. Why should not each of these trees be the first of a group bearing the names of other Californians who shared the same interests. In that case the "Parson Jones" would be accompanied by a tree named for Doctor Willey and others of the pioneer ministers, including one named for that devoted lover of trees, Dr. McLean. In the neighborhood of the Armstrong tree other trees might be dedicated to men of public affairs in the state. How fitting would be another group dedicated to California scientists, with Joseph Le Conte as the center, and with a tree reserved for the man who has done so much to make the trees of California known and loved—Professor Jepson.

And should there not be, at some time, a tree dedicated to the protectress of them all?

The tree "Parson Jones," standing as it does somewhat detached, affords the best opportunity I know of in any of the redwood reservations, of gaining a full sense of the height and grandeur of one of the fathers of the **sequoia sempervirens** race. It is estimated to be three hundred and eight feet in height and to contain 78,912 feet of lumber. Enough to build a church—yes, but it is a church as it stands, a living temple.

As one's gaze ascends the shafts of these pillars of living beauty he cannot but wonder what vast impetus of asperation it is that lifts them up into the sky, eager, unsatisfied. Can the secret be explained in terms of cells and protoplasm, or sunshine and rain? Is there not within them an inner voice whispering **Excelsior?**

Loftier trees than this once grew along the Russian River. Tradition has it that one of them measured three hundred and forty feet in height. Such a tree might well give rise to the story that I heard before coming to California that the only way to see to the top of one of the big trees was for three persons to lie down on their backs side by side, the first looking up as high as he could, the second starting where he left off, and the eyes of the third at last reaching the top.

Penetrating into the deeper recesses of the Wood one discovers countless forms of comeliness and beauty and interest as the sunshine sifts through the feathery branches and lights up the lofty crowns and pinnacles and golden trunks and falls at his feet on woodland flowers and ferns which repeat in their own quieter way the miracle of grace and glory above them. The Wood contains at the northern end the most stately and impressive amphitheater of trees I have ever seen, as if nature had prepared it through hundreds of years of arboreal architecture for great religious assemblages. What a place for a gathering of the Northern California Conference in this Congregational Cathedral. Beyond is another amphitheater, less extensive, but royal, and farther on is an open circle of younger trees of exquisite grace lifting lambent flames of vivid green which might easily be conceived a chapel lit with sacred candles fit for the shrine of Bethlehem. It might well be called "The Tapers."

As I wandered alone through the aisles and arches, the chapels and choirs of this spacious cathedral I imagined I had it all to myself, until suddenly, a saucy Douglas squirrel dramatically challenged my rights and scolded me roundly for trespassing on his sacred domain. Flocks of the tiny feathery family of Titmouse flitted reverentially with subdued calls among the branches and butterflies floated far aloft as if here they must needs frequent a higher altitude than elsewhere. Mellow and tender as the note of a lute came the pensive song of a mourning dove like the voice of an Indian maiden harbored in the seclusion of this retreat, lamenting the loss of the surrounding forest and of her suffering people. And here, from far in the distance, as if from another world, floats the ethereal song of the hermit thrush voicing, as no human tongue can, the very spirit of the woods—its mystery, its solemnity, its sacredness. What is the theme of his tranquil and enraptured musing as he voices the message of the woods? This, perhaps: "To be spiritually minded is life and peace."

Well is it for us that we have such sacred temples as this and Muir Woods that have not yet fallen—like the ruined cathedrals of France.

SANCTIFY YOURSELVES!

Secretary Arthur J. Brown of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions gave a sermon at the two Northfield Conferences last week on two words from the fifth verse of the third chapter of Joshua, "Sanctify yourselves." The sermon has been summarized as follows by a Northfield correspondent:

"These words were originally spoken to the Israelites assembled on the bank of the Jordan about to cross over to the occupation of the promised land. God did not say, "Look to your spears!" or "Sharpen your swords!" They were to see that they were morally prepared. Such an exhortation is as appropriate for us as for them. Like them America has undertaken a great conflict for humanity and God. There is no congregation which does not include those having sons or relatives in the war. The conflict is vast. Twenty-seven nations have 40,000,000 men under arms. Belgium is a military prison. Egypt is a military camp. Sinai once more echoes to the tramp of marching men. The Mount of Olives is fortified and airplanes fly over the land where the Hebrew prophets spoke.

On the issues pending America and her allies are right. We do not maintain that we are perfect, and we are willing to face the moral aspects of the whole question. Through

our president we have interpreted the war in terms of morality. The question arises, are we the kind of people God can bless?

On the physical side we have ample resources in men and money. To be optimistic, therefore, is not to be foolishly confiident of the outcome. However, it is foolish to disregard our national sins, and to think that we have no need of the ancient admonition, "Sanctify yourselves."

An Age of Danger.

Our era is the era of power, but also of danger accompanying this power. We sit in luxury, unjust industrial life, political failure at home, and weakness in international relations. Six people recently dined in Philadelphia at $1000 a plate. The working man knows our political system is democratic but our industrial system autocratic. Within six months from the declaration of war there were 2000 strikes in this country. Elihu Root said: "For 40 years New York state has not been governed under its constitution." Ex-President Taft said: "Our courts do not operate with equal speed between rich and poor."

In the realm of morals men learn with dismay of the increase of 52 per cent in the moral delinquency among young girls since the war began. To most Americans these facts are sobering, and the former braggart American is giving place to the soberer citizen of to-day. This is a healthy sign.

Vast encouragements are resulting from the increase of Christian activity. Congregations are larger than they were 20 years ago. Bible study is more widespread. The membership of evangelical churches, has increased 71 per cent. Of the charitable workers of the country 92 per cent are church members. Of the money contributed to the Young Men's Christian Association 70 per cent comes from the evangelical churches.

Sensitiveness to Wrong.

The church was never so alert as to-day, so sensitive to wrong. The continued publication in the newspapers of a recent distressing case of white slavery is not due to the newness of this ancient evil, but to the fact that the public conscience is now easily aroused to a white heat of indignation over such a crime. As to the atrocities of war, men know they are the common things in every war. But to-day we say, "These things must stop." America entered the war for the very reason that she was hot with indignation at wrongs, committed not so much against herself as against others.

Ours is an era of greater munificences, larger sympathy, more determined opposition to evil. To-day men ask, "Who is on the Lord's side," as Elijah asked long ago. It is time for a new John the Baptist to say: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make his paths straight." The name of Jesus must be written across the sky of the world. D. L. Moody used to say: "It is not enough to paint the pump. Clean out the well!" Let us not tolerate abroad in the world what we denounce in our home. The question may be fittingly asked of America which Mordecal, asked of Esther: "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

WHAT ARE NON-ESSENTIALS?

University Professor Makes Plea for Simpler Living for the Winning of the War.

Dean Thomas Forsyth Hunt, of the College of Agriculture of the University of California, has made an attempt to define the much debated term, "non-essentials" as applied to the winning of the war. In a recent address on "Production and Prices," delivered at the University, Dr. Hunt spoke in part as follows:

"What are the non-essentials, or the relatively non-essentials or the near non-essentials? They are those commodities and services which people buy in order to maintain the standard of living beyond that of primitive folk. The difficulty with this definition is with the word 'primitive.' It has been suggested that primitive people did not wear clothes. Even so it answers my purpose, which is to call attention sharply to the fact that during war times, standards must fall. Our methods of living must become primitive. The higher our standards, the more apparent our sacrifices and also the greater our opportunities to win this war if only we are sufficiently determined to do so.

"This determination to live more simply is not the duty of any single class. To be effective, it must be universal, each in accordance with his ability. The English now wear soft collars in order to emphasize the need for saving food materials. They have also started the "Save a Match" campaign. The idea of both these campaigns is to emphasize the importance of even small savings, if universal. This is, of course, the basis of our own Thrift Stamp campaign. The whole basis for the winning of this war, as well as for the abundance of food, is simpler living.

"I have been tempted to start a pledge among men not to wear a necktie until peace is declared. Not because of the importance of neckties, but it would make visible to us the acceptance of the doctrine of simpler living as an important factor in winning this war. It would be much more emphatic than the wearing of buttons and other badges, for which I have a great personal antipathy. I have been told not to suggest so foolish a notion because I might be quoted as saying that the avoidance of neckties would win this war. Of course, a tieless brigade will not win this war, but the idea of universal saving which underlies it is essential. Let us look at it a moment. Is it conservative to estimate the use of two ties per person annually? A high school boy tells me six are required. Is it conservative to say that the average price of ties is fifty cents? There are forty million males in the United States over ten years of age. Forty million spending one dollar each spends forty million dollars annually. It would keep quite a number of Belgian babies from starving, or it would furnish a million overcoats for our soldiers. The men and women who now manufacture ties, should, of course, be engaged in making clothing for soldiers.

"Our motto should not be 'How can I make more money?' not 'How can prices be controlled to our benefit?' but 'How can we live on less in order that our Government may have the balance to prosecute the war more expeditiously and effectively?' If we do it voluntarily, we are a true democracy. Whether we do it voluntarily or not, we will do it eventually. True or false democracy, we must win. Democracy or no democracy, we shall win.

"Everyone may help to win this war if he chooses to do so. If he is not carrying a gun, it is by supplying his Government with more commodities. There are only two ways that the individual can supply his Government with more commodties. It is either by producing more or consuming less. Which are you doing?

"If all the billions of all the millionaries, and if all the war profits of all the profiteers were placed wholly and freely at the feet of the Government, it would not help one iota toward winning the war unless thereby it resulted in the production of more goods in proportion to the consumption by the civilian population. It is you and I who must win this war. No one else can do much to help us. It does not matter how many speeches we make in public or private. It does not matter how much we denounce the Kaiser; nor how many patriotic luncheons we attend; nor how many war committees we are connected with. Unless you and I in some way increase the surplus of commodities and

give it to the Government we are not doing a solitary thing to win this war.

"Military authorities agree, I believe, that a military decision in the strict sense of that term is highly improbable. If we win this war, as we surely shall win it, it will probably be because the civilian population of Germany is no longer able to turn over an adequate proportion of the commodities they produce.

"It does not make much difference in the long run what commodities you increase, so long as they are needed commodities. If the war lasts less than a year, then it does make some difference because it is not possible for a great population to adjust itself to its new conditions in so short a time. In a similar manner it does not matter much what or how or where we save, if only we save, although for the immediate future there is some choice to be made. In the long run it does not matter whether we are consuming the time of the farmer in raising our food or the time of our tailor or dressmaker in making our clothes or the time of the movie actor furnishing us with entertainment.

"You and I will not help to win this war if while we are saving one dollar's worth of wheat we are consuming two dollars worth of gasoline; nor if when we are saving five cents on our laundry bill by wearing colored shirts we spend ten cents on cigars. When the Lord balances our account, He will find us in red ink. If there ever was anything personal, it is this war.

"You and I may try to ease our consciences by blaming the profiteer, but we know we are not treating our consciences fair when we try to do it. No, my friend, there is nothing else to it. No matter who may be making unholy profits, it has little indeed to do with winning this war except as it affects the morale of the people. You and I must win this war."

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR EMERITUS OF THE CHRISTIAN EVANGELIST.

Long Beach, Calif., July 26, 1918.

Editor The Pacific:

Dear Brother: I was interested to read your editorial in your issue of the 18th and wish to express my appreciation of the spirit and sentiments. I greatly admired Dr. Dyer's bold utterances on the subject of Christian Union, as the word for the times, and in harmony with Christ's prayer and teaching. I wish Dr. Dyer would write out that sermon and send it to me for publication. It is not sufficiently known among the the Disciples of Christ that Congregationalists have taken this advanced position in favor of Christian unity.

You are quite right my Brother Editor, in saying "it is not so important to figure who originated the doctrine and movement, but who shall labor most valiantly to reach the desired goal." You are equally right in suggesting that "Catching up with Christ," is the better motto. I mentioned the name of the Campbells—father and son—because they suffered persecution and religious ostracism at the beginning of the 19th century for advocating Christian union and condemning sectarianism in no stronger terms than Dr. Dyer used. In many respects these men were ahead of their age. In other respects, of course, they shared the limitations of their age. I notice our respective Commissions on Christian Unity are providing for a joint committee of fifty men, chosen from each body, to meet and confer together on a practicable basis of union. Let us pray that the Spirit of Christ may guide them and all of us to a closer union and fellowship in Christ Jesus our common Lord.

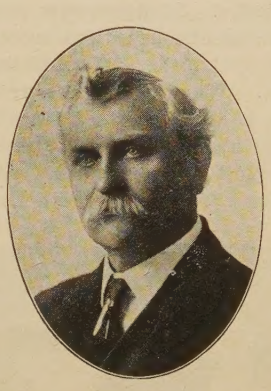
Most fraternally yours,

J. H. GARRISON.

OBSERVATIONS.

The last Sunday of June the Observer had the pleasure of spending with his friend of many years Rev. E. S. Bollinger of Valdez, Alaska. The day was ideal—none better anywhere. The deep blue sky was cloudless, the sun genial but not oppressive, the air cool and bracing, and the landscape fresh and green, with mountains towering on almost every side, their snow-capped peaks probably accounting for the briskness of the air.

Valdez at one time had thousands of people encamped on its beach preparatory to extensive joruneys into the interior in search of wealth. Later, included within its limits were fifteen hundred counting themselves citizens, these being reduced now to six or seven hundred. The town systematically laid out has suffered from two fires, but still has some good buildings and is the seat of the U. S. Government for this the third of the four judicial districts into which Alaska is divided. A fish cannery recently established is aiming to ship 60,000 cases which at present prices ought to bring the owners a half million dollars, while some mining properties within easy approach are the source of some additional revenue. Uncle Sam has at Fort Liscom, across the bay, some 150 soldiers who frequently are seen in Valdez, and their spendings help to swell the total income of the town. A bank, a postoffice, one or more hotels, aside from U. S. buildings give somewhat of a business aspect to the place, and the stranger is surprised to learn that one store has a businesos of $50,000 per year, while the other somewhat more.

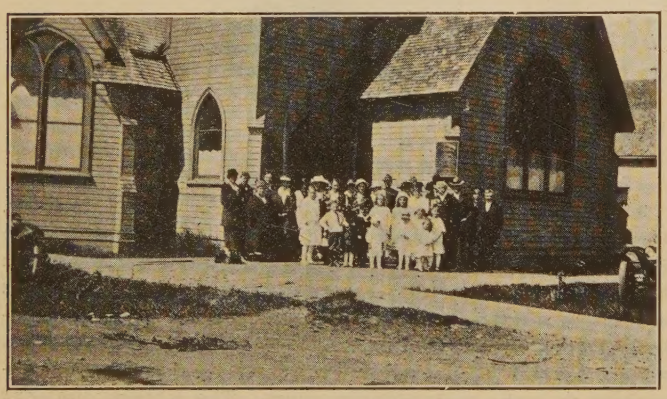


Rev. E. S. Bollinger.

Churches are four—buildings three—the Cathelic, Christian Science, Episcopal and Congregational. The Episcopal seldom has service and when the pastor comes his congregation scarcely exceeds ten or twelve. Catholics are fairly strong, and Christian Scientists are quite hopeful. Our Congregational body established several years since has had a checkered career, pastors finding it convenient to make their sojourn short. The whiskey element sought at one time to get possession of our property and probably would have succeeded had it not been for J. G. Snyder a merchant and also a member of our church, who at his own expense fought the opposition and came out victorious. For seventeen years superintendent of the Sunday School, he is today justly proud of a medal beautifully engraved given him in appreciation of his faithful labors by the teachers, scholars and friends. He still calls Valdez his home, but is about to return to Pennsylvania where some property interests claim his attention. The present pastor who took charge only two months ago came from Douglas, having reached the latter from Oregon, where for nearly twenty-five years he has served Congregationalism with unbounded enthusiasm and fidelity. He is an evangelical preacher, an attentive pastor, and a masterly manager. What is more he is in the language of the day—"a good

mixer." He knows everybody, greets them heartily, has time to spend a minute or two with any one he may meet on the street and from close observation in his more than quarter century pastorates understands the difficulties which beset men in the daily ups and downs of life. His good wife is at present in Baltimore visiting friends, but his bright and efficient daughter Alice, just returned from school, acted as hostess and performed her part with great efficiency and tact. She is thinking of a course of training in a Portland hospital as a nurse, but from the beautiful way in which she interested the children of the Sunday School in her story of patriotism, she might well give herself to training as a pastor's assistant. What a fine teacher of beginners she would make!

Our church has a fair property, rather a pretty edifice, with a comfortable parsonage, made possible through aid extended by C. C. B. S. Fire injured the rear of the church building, and the manse has never yet had a full dress of paint, but rest assured if Brother Bollinger remains in Valdez it will not be long before the corner, Broadway and Hobart streets, will be one of the most attractive in town. The membership is small, not more than twelve resident. At the prayer meeting attended by the writer, the number present including the two ministers was fourteen. Where is the church having a larger proportion? The attendance on Sunday morning was twenty-five, twice the resident membership and in the evening forty were there, children included. The day was "Children's Day," and the church had voted to make the first effort of the year for Benevolence. Pledges were made at the morning service and following the beautiful exercises of the evening by the children—patriotic and Christian—further opportunity was given. When all was over and an estimate made of returns it was found at least eighty dollars had been promised, an average of nearly seven dollars per resident member. Well done, Valdez! Where is your like among the smaller churches of the denomination?



Valdez Congregational Church.

Valdez is a Home Missionary Church. It could hardly be expected that a church so small be self-supporting. Yet the little flock raises about $1000 per year for current expenses, a fine showing indeed, but scarcely sufficient for a living where expenses are so great. Some may think the smallness of numbers may not warrant the outlay, but if missionary money is to be used at all, where is a more needy field? We certainly have the right of way for Protestant work, and though Christian Science is making some inroads as it does everywhere attempted, a loyal band is devoted to our work and upon Congregationalists rests the responsibility. Just now Valdez feels slightly depressed because of young men joining the army and others seeking the high wages at shipbuilding centers, but citizens are hopeful that once the war is over, good times will return. People will come, money will be provided for mining development, and the Government wagon road built to Fairbanks, 375 miles at great expense, will be used by eager prospectors seeking their fortune in the copper and other regions somewhat to the north. We join in the anticipation and rejoice in the Congregational forces, sturdy men and women, with a leader who in Oregon City and Portland Highland led the forces to victory, and now though his locks are growng grey, seems not one jot less enthusastic and rejoices in the possibility of strengthening our Zion in far away Alaska. May God give him grace day by day and continue him in the service for months and years to come!

OBSERVER.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

That article by Professor Buckham, on "Armstrong Woods," is a gem!

The Rev. and Mrs. George L. Marsh of Ojai, California, are having a brief vacation at Carmel.

The Rev. Thomas G. Lewis, pastor at Angels Camp, accompained by Mrs. Lewis, is as usual spending his vacation in Berkeley.

The Rev. Harvey V. Miller, pastor, and twenty of the members of the Congregational Church at Sacramento, were in First Church congregation last Sunday morning to hear Dr. Silcox who was pastor at Sacramento years ago.

We understand that the Rev. W. W. Willard has already started or soon will start a Sunday evening Forum in First Church, Los Angeles, such as he conducted so successfully in First Church, Berkeley, during July. The one in Berkeley continues with a fine attendance and much interest.

The genial face of the Secretary of the A. M. A.—Rev. Geo. W. Hinman—is seen again in the land, just returned from vacation experiences in the Yosemite; his youth is renewed and he is ready for another year of arduous labors in connection with his society. Mrs. Hinman joined Dr. Larkin and his mother in their automobile trip homeward.

The Rev. C. L. Mears has entered on his ninth year as pastor of First Church, Alameda. When he entered on the work the church had 270 members; it has received 274 during the eight years, has lost 234 by death, removals, etc., and now has a membership of 314. We congratulate Mr. Mears on the large place he has made for himself in the hearts of the people of Alameda during these years by the splendid service rendered.

Rev. Josiah H. Heald, D.D., Superintendent for Arizona and New Mexico, after some days in our invigorating climate, has, with Mrs. Heald, taken himself back to Albuquerque, where work in connection with the Home Missionary Society and the A. M. A. awaits him. Dr. Heald has long been successfully identified with our work in the southwest, and is an authority on various phases of life in that part of the country. He is a brother of the founder of Heald's Business College, though somewhat younger.

Our pastor at Prescott, Ariz., Rev. J. H. Batten, now enjoying his vacation in and about Los Angeles, will be glad to have pastors and relatives report to him the names of any men sent to Fort Whipple Sanatorium. The Government is about to spend $2,000,000 on the old Fort Whipple Barracks—transforming the same into a Sanatorium capable of accommodating 3,000 men. The chaplain is hoping The Pacific will be forwarded to the Reading Room, as well as other representative religious papers.

Are you reading our "Helps by the Way." They are prepared so as to lead people to lift up their eyes unto the hills—as Jean Paul Richter counseled in that department last week to help to keep the heart above the many colored mists of earth and above its storm clouds. It is as we quoted William James as saying, "We and God have business with each other, and in opening ourselves to his influence our deepest destiny is fulfilled." The aim of "Helps by the Way" is to help people to open up themselves to God's influence.

California needs Judge Curtis D. Wilbur on the Supreme Court. He is there now by appointment to fill an unexpired term. His name is before the people for election to a full term. We are hoping that every reader of The Pacific who is a voter will go to the primaries and vote for Judge Wilbur. His years in Los Angeles have been widely serviceable—not only as a lawyer and judge, but in a variety of interests that make for the upbuilding of a commonwealth. There are three candidates for the Supreme Court this year. Probably the vote at the primaries will elect the two that are to be elected. So, do not stay away from the primary election.

Some "Church and Pastoral Notes" on the calendar of Mission Congregational Church, San Francisco, show that the church had fifty accessions during the past year. And the remark in connection is: "That is encouraging! But it is only a start!" Mr. Isaacs, the pastor has a hustling note which reads: "Opportunity comes to those who hustle to find it. If we as a church are ready to do the hustling we shall find opportunity within our grasp. If we are not willing to go out of our 'old ways' of doing things we shall be left far behind in the race." Here is anther fine suggestion: "If you are not interested get interested by assuming responsibility."

Dean Charles R. Brown of Yale University School of Religion will preach in First Church, Oakland, again next Sunday evening. An editorial summary of his sermon last Sunday evening appears in The Pacific this week. After the service last Sunday evening it took forty-five minutes for the persons who wished to greet Dr. Brown to do so. Anticipating that many would wish to speak to and greet the returned former pastor Dr. Van Horn suggested that in order to save time they pass up in an orderly line from one side of the auditorium; and then the procession was three quarters of an hour in passing. On Monday, August 19, Dean Brown will speak at the meeting of the ministers in San Francisco.

In accordance with the will of the late Mrs. S. T. Alexander of Oakland the American Board will receive $10,000; the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific, $5,000; the Woman's Home Missionary Union of Northern California, $5,000; the California Home Missionary Society, $5,000; First Church, Oakland, $5,000; the Ladies' Aid Society of First Church, $2,000; Young Men's Christian Association of the University of California, $2,000. Other bequests of one thousand or two thousand dollars each were made to Oakland Y. M. C. A., Fabiola Hospital, Oakland Social Settlement, Baby Hospital Association, Los Angeles Y. M. C. A. In the main the foregoing were for $2,000 each. For the Travelers' Aid Society there was a bequest of $500.

At the next Monday meeting of the ministers in San Francisco the Rev. Dr. Silcox, who is supplying First Church pulpit for August, will speak. Dr. Silcox was a welcome visitor last Monday, and in the discussion which followed the address for the day, which was by Professor C. H. Ham, expressed the conviction that after the war the world would speak of the "British Commonwealth"—no longer of the "British Empire"; and that possibly the Commonwealth to come would be one composed of all the English-speaking nations. He told of his son writing back from France of the privilege to do something over there for civilization and humanity—speaking of it that way, and not for king and country. Dr. Silcox holds that victory when it comes will be the victory of an ideal—not simply a victory over Germany.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

Mrs. Charlotte Farrington Roberts Elton, who died in this city on the 17th inst. was the daughter of Rev. E. P. and Mrs. Roberts, missionaries of the American Board to the Caroline Islands, and was born at Ponape, February 12, 1859. The family returned to the United States in 1862 and settled on a farm in Wasco county, Oregon, a few miles from The Dalles. She was educated in the public schools of her neighborhood in her youth, and later took a course in normal work in the University of Oregon at Eugene, and became a successful teacher in several counties in the State. She united with the Congregational church at The Dalles in 1874, and was an efficient leader in Christian service in church and Sunday School the remainder of her life. She was married to J. W. Elton in 1908. Besides her husband she leaves three sisters and three brothers to mourn her loss. Her father and mother passed away several years ago.

Rev. A. C. Moses, who became the pastor of Waverly Heights Congregational Church in 1914, recently resigned to take up Y. M. C. A. work at Camp Lewis, Pierce County, Washington and preached his last sermon in this city today. He will be permanently located at "Y" Hut No. 1, Camp Lewis as Religious Secretary.

The congregations of the United Presbyterian, Congregational, Friends and Methodist Churches, in the Sunnyside district of this city, will hold union services on the four Sundays of August this year, each church taking its turn, with other than its own pastor. This method not only aids in solving the problem of the scattered and depleted local audience, but answers the growing desire for more fellowship and co-operation among the various churches serving in the same district.

Rev. James A. Jenkins, D.D., of the Warren Avenue Congregational Church of Chicago, will occupy the pulpit of the First Congregational Church of this city for the month of August. In his preliminary remarks at the beginning of the service he alluded in appreciative terms to Rev. Luther R. Dyott, our late pastor, having known him in Brooklyn, N. Y., in connection with religious work. Dr. Jenkins has a son at the front in France.

Rev. James L. Barton, D.D., Corresponding Secretary of the American Board, Boston, Mass., and Chairman of the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief, gave an address in the First Presbyterian Church of this city this morning. He also, in connection with Mr. C. V. Vickery, Secretary of the Committee, held a meeting in one of the principal hotels of the city during the afternoon to arrange plans for another "drive" here for those unfortunate and fearfully stricken people. He will address a union meeting of all the Congregational Churches of the city at the First Church this evening.

One of the most liberal contributors in this city to the Armenian and Syrian Relief fund is Mr. Ben Selling, a benevolent merchant and the son of Jewish parents.

Portland, August 4, 1918.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

Woman's Board of Missons for the Pacfic.
Prayer-meeting every Wednesday morning at 10 a. m. at Headquarters. Everybody most cordially welcomed.

A FOREWORD.

Wouldn't you like to attend this year's annual meeting of the Board to be held September 3 and 4 in Oakland, Cal?

Not only if you should be a regularly appointed delegate to which each auxiliary is entitled, but if you are just a member of a society who would like to know something of what the Board is doing, and to get inspiration for your own society's work, and to come in touch with members of other branches and world-wide workers, and to enjoy a time of cordial fellowship in a different setting from your own home church.

If you could arrange to come, it will be a joy to us to entertain you in our homes overnight, and to become acquainted with you, and have you visit headquarters, and give you an opportunity to get in closer touch with the personnel and work of the directors.

If such a visit commends itself to you, couldn't you suggest to several others in your church, that they come too. So that you would set out together with a feeling of comradeship and community spirit, which would flow in upon us like a big wave in the tide of cordial fellowship which we trust will be the spirit of the day's gatherings.

Before this year the sessions of the annual meeting have been confined to one day. But we feel that the work is too big and too important to be crowded into so short a time. Besides that, we have been learning the joy of hospitality, in receiving and entertaining missionary visitors as they come and go through San Francisco and it has created the desire to meet our own consituency in the same delightful way, and to give to members of the W. B. M. P. living near the place of meeting an opportunity to share in this form of Christian fellowship.

The First Church of Oakland, California, has always been conspicuous in its interest and aid for Foreign Missions, and also for its ready and generous hosptalty; so it seems especially fitting and pleasing that our meetings should be held within its friendly walls. The time of the sessions will be Tuesday afternoon and evening September 3rd, and Wednesday morning and afternoon September 4th.

A dinner will be served at the church Tuesday evening at which a truly representative gathering of Congregational forces will convene, and the earnestness, good will, graciousness and humour which characterize such a company will furnish a spirit of comaraderie, wit and wisdom to add to the pleasures of the table.

This invitation is being sent out early that you may have time to think about it and plan to accept it. Next week will be given some details of the interesting program, and directions how to send your acceptance of the invitation. We must know beforehand just how many guests we are to have the pleasure of entertaining.

The invitation is extended with equal cordiality to the members of all the branches—Arizona, Northern California, Southern California, Idaho, Oregon, Utah and Washington.

Don't you think you can arrange to come?

Opportunities must not only be seized, they must be held and used.

Clouds may darken the face of a friend,
And clouds may darken the sun;
But there's a friendship without an end,
And a brightness never undone.
Find it, my soul, if thou be wise,
Follow, and find, and hold the prize.
The prize of the knowledge of One,
Of One whom shadows can never dim!
Follow, and find, and cleave to Him.

The Methods Corner.

SUGGESTIONS AS TO HOW TO DO THINGS.

By Rev. E. A. King, San Jose.

"Questions Of The Scriptures."

A series of telling sermons by Rev. Geo. H. Crow, Thorp, Wisconsin.

"A Scriptural Question Concerning Man."
"A Spiritual Question with Regard to the Whereabouts of Man."
"A Scriptural Question Referring to the Preacher."
"A Scriptural Question as to Neighbors."
"A Scriptural Question with Respect of Decision."

Teach This In Your Sunday School.

"I believe in the United States of America, as a government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign nation of many sovereign states; a perfect union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, justice and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes. It therefore, is my duty to my country to love it; to support its constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies."

Methods Material.

Any minister will find it worth while to send to F. M. Barton Caxton Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio, for a sample copy of "The Expositor" for July. There are ten pages of interesting methods, lists of books and many helpful suggestions.

Stereopticon Lectures.

The Underwood and Underwood Company, New York City, have two wonderfully fine lectures on "The Great War," and "The Red Cross." You can buy duplicate slides from these sets for your own use. Send for their latest catalogue of lectures, slides, etc.

A Wise Caution.

"Praise is not the privilege of the pew alone. God means it also for the pulpit. One of the hardest tasks a minister has is just to worship in the house of God. It is one thing to lead the worship; it is another thing to worship."

Our far-spread Empire use,
O God, as thou shalt choose,
The world to bless.
At council, altar, mart,
Oh, keep us pure in heart,
To do a nation's part
In righteousness.

We are never free from temptation's presence, though we may be from its power.

Helps By the Way.

"I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes Unto the Hills."

"I dreamed that I could flee from Him,
And through the morn and noon I sped—
So swift, I thought, He could not see;
But, when the day began to dim,
Lo! there was He!

I fled from Him through countless years;
I sought the shadows of the night;
But I could not His love forget;
A penitent, I turned in tears—
He followed yet!"

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"Every man is responsible for his acts to the extent of his vision. If you see the promised land, then you must enter or turn back. If you hear the voice, then you must answer or be counted out. If you have seen the vision in the temple, then you must realize that vision in your life or lose the power to see. Seeing visions in the temple is not Christian service, though many people appear to think that having seen the vision and heard the voice, and perhaps hoped that some one would answer, they have done their full share toward saving the world. We suffer under an emotional illusion. We hear an appeal, are slightly stirred by it, and imagine that we have done something when we have done nothing whatever, but feel a little bit of emotional response to the call to do something."

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As the marsh hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God;
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh and the skies;
By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod,
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God;
O, like to the greatness of God is the greatness within
The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn.
—Sidney Lanier.

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The soul grows into lovely habits as easily as into ugly ones, and the moment a life begins to blossom into beautiful words and deeds, that moment a new standard of conduct is established, and your eager neighbors look to you for a continuous manifestation of the good cheer, the sympathy, the ready wit, the comradeship, or the inspiration, you once showed yourself capable of. Bear figs for a season or two, and the world outside the orchard is very unwilling you should bear thistles.—Kate Douglas Wiggin.

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Thy wisdom, O my Father, is height above our climbing, depth beneath our thought, treasure that endless search cannot exhaust. Because I know Thee in my life with Christ, I trust Thee in the hidden things which I can never know, or know not yet. I rejoice that all is Thine and trust Thy love to teach me in its own good time all that I need to understand. Give me wisdom that I may live according to Thy will. Add from Thy boundless store knowledge to gratify the craving Thou Thyself hast made. Let me be eager to learn, yet free from all disquietude of heart. Let me not dream that there is rest in knowledge or that from any mount of vision the whole mystery of thy work will be made clear. And from the hidden treasure of Thy grace make even my dark days bright. Amen.

Open thy bosom, set thy wishes wide, and let in the boundless theater of thought from nothing up to God.—Thomas Young.

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Reverence the highest, have patience with the lowest. Let this day's performance of the meanest duty be thy religion. Are the stars too distant? Pick up the pebble that lies at thy feet, and from it learn all.—Margaret Fuller.

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"We are escorted on every hand through life by spiritual agents, and a beneficent purpose lies in wait for us."—Emerson.

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"We want to do what is best for ourselves, and we have discovered that what is best for ourselves is best for others.—Fra Elbertus.

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I do not want to possess a faith. I want a faith which will possess me.—Charles Kingsley.

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If you have built castles in the air your work need not be lost—that is where they should be; now put foundations under them.——Thoreau.

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Over my shaded doorway
Two little brown-winged birds
Have chosen to fashion their dwelling
And utter their loving words;
All day they are going and coming
On errands frequent and fleet,
And warbling over and over,
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

Their necks are changeful and shining,
Their eyes are like living gems;
And all day long they are busy,
Gathering straws and stems,
Lint and feathers and grasses,
And half forgetting to eat,
Yet never failing to warble,
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

I scatter crumbs on the doorstep,
And fling them some flossy threads;
They fearlessly gather my bounty,
And turn up their graceful heads,
And chatter and dance and flutter,
And scrape with their tiny feet,
Telling me over and over,
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

What if the sky is clouded!
What if the rain comes down!
They are all dressed to meet it,
In waterproof suits of brown.
They never mope nor languish,
Nor murmur at storm or heat,
But say, whatever the weather,
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

Always merry and busy,
Dear little brown-winged birds!
Teach me the happy magic
Hidden in these soft words
Which always, in shine or shadow,
So lovingly you repeat,
Over and over and over,
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"
—Elizabeth Akers Allen.

The Home.

'Mid the darkest scenes of life
God is near!
In the turmoil, and the strife
God is near!
When the angry waves roll high,
When the clouds obscure the sky,
Through the storm there comes a cry,
God is near!

LET THE CHILDREN TELL STORIES.

Haven't you often heard grown people say: "Oh, if only I could tell a good story! I hear lots of them, but I can't remember them, and even if I could, I haven't the courage or the vocabulary. So I just sit like a wooden Indian, and people think I don't know anything"?

When somebody says that to me, I always wonder whether her mother was too busy to stop and hear what the little girl wanted to tell her. Very likely her mother was herself a good story-teller, but poor as a listener, and didn't appreciate the opportunity when the child said:

"Oh, mother, listen! I want to tell you something."

It is all very well for parents to tell fairy stories and other interesting things to the children; that is a good thing to do; parents don't do enough of it. But there is equal importance in the desire of the children to do some story-telling on their own account. I refer especially to little children—under ten years of age. If you suppose, or do not positively encourage their impulse to tell what is in their minds, you are killing a thing that is of great educational importance. Before they learn to read or write, they are full of ideas that they want to express; they imagine real stories—as real to them as yours—and they need the chance to tell them.

No matter if they are not interesting to you, they are very interesting to them, and the act of relating them is in itself a valuable activity. The art of clearly expressing something that you have seen or thought or imagined, so that the person to whom you are telling it sees it as you do, is one of the essential results of education; sometimes I think it is the most important result of education. It would be difficult to exagerate the value of encouraging the child to get the idea clearly in mind and find the right words in which to phrase it.

You will be as polite to your own child as to a stranger. You are careful not to appear bored when a caller is relating something that you do not find very interesting. Never appear bored to your child. The little lad may be telling you only about a bit of a scrape he got into, or about a bird or a cat that he saw. Help him to tell it; exhibit interest, ask questions, explain and add, and when father comes home encourage the child to tell it again to him—not necessarily as a great event, but as one of the happenings of the day in this vastly interesting world in which the child is finding himself.

Perhaps you have been away from home for half a day. It is a little trouble, but quite worth while, for you to say:

"Now I will tell you where I went and what I saw, and then you shall tell me what you have been doing and seeing while I have been gone."

Make it all real and vital; be careful to tell it in simple words and expressions, and then help him to tell as clearly all the things that have happened in his little life.

I know a family in which the mother is an invalid, seldom getting out of the house. When any member of the family comes home from downtown, there is always a cheery, interesting account of what she saw and where she went. It is a light of interest in that poor mother's life—a dreary life it is at best—but best of all, it helps to preserve the unity of the family. And I think that the remarkable ability of every member of that family to write interesting letters (and some more pretentious compositions, too) is largely owing to the fact that from earliest childhood they have been encouraged to relate to each other the interesting happenings of their lives.

Very little children often want to tell a "fairy-story." Some of them are very quaint and interesting. Long before my own boy could write, I used to have him dictate these stories to me so that I could write them down. That in itself provoked in him an eagernes to learn to write; his lessons in writing were for him a tremendously useful thing; he worked over them with desperate intentness, so that he could quickly acquire this necessary ability. From that day to this he has been a writer of stories.

Through this means you can encourage truthfulness. For example, Mary has related to you a fearful and wonderful yarn about some impossible occurrence which she narrates as a fact in her own experience.

"Now, of course this is only a fairy-story, Mary, isn't it? Not true, of course. It is very interesting; but let us have now a true story—something that really happened." Very easy to skip over into the field of actuality, without repressing the little girl's vivid imagination, or rebuffing her eagerness to be herself a teller of fascinating tales. The two things go hand in hand with little children. Let her make her fairy story as grotesque and impossible as she pleases, but help her to distinguish between those that are fanciful and those that are true. When she tells the latter kind, help her to make them exactly accurate.

Our Puritan forefathers no doubt had many admirable traits (though I think we overestimate them,) but they did a lot of damage to the imaginations of their children.

If you exchange stories with your children, and write theirs down for future reference, you will find yourself with a most entertaining collection of literature . One mother I know had a charming little Christmas story that her son told her when he was only seven years old. She wrote it down because he said to her:

"Oh, mother, I wish I had a stenographer, like father has. I think of so many stories, and I write so slowly that they are gone before I can get around to writing them."

Now he is a leading magazine writer, and one of his best known stories is that Christmas story that he told his mother when he was seven years old.

This child before you is a living, developing plant in the home garden. Every bit of pains that you take goes into the process of developing. Nothing is wasted; the little thing that you do today, like hearing with interest and taking down the simple story that he wants to tell you, bears fruit, perhaps long afterward, in ways that you cannot foresee. Through this co-operation you can cultivate a taste for the best literature, leading him on from his own little stories to those of the great story-tellers of the race. And it is an invaluable means of self-development.

Do not be afraid of this gift of imagination. Be careful not to repress it with literalism. Dr. Seguin, the great French-American physician and specialist in the training of idiot children, describes imagination as "more than a decorative attribute of leisure; it is a power in the sense that from images perceived and stored it builds sublime ideals." He says that if he had to choose he would rather have his children ignorant of letters than unimaginative. And the way to encourage imagination is to let the children express the products of it freely and without fear.—The "Home-maker, in New York Post.

For The Children.

DAVY'S STRONG FOUNDATION.

Davy stood and watched the workmen as they laid the foundation for the new house next door. He had never before seen a pile-driver, and the great hammer driving the piles was very wonderful and new to Davy.

Day after day found him watching at the fence that divided their garden from the next lot.

After a while the big pile-driver was moved away, and the workmen began using the lumber that lay waiting to build the house. Davy missed watching the huge hammer work, but he soon grew very much interested in the new house.

The workmen came to know and like Davy, too, and because he was polite and never meddled with anything they saved the odds and ends of lumber and gave them to him to play with in the garden.

"Davy, dear," called his mother one bright morning, "don't you think that you have learned enough by watching the workmen next door to be a carpenter yourself and build a doll house for your little sister?"

Davy's face was as bright as the day as he ran into the house for the hammer.

"Come on, Agnes," he called, "and show me where you want it put."

Little Agnes followed him into the garden and chose her lot.

"I'll have to drive piles there first to make it safe," Davy said, as he began hammering things into the ground.

Agnes started to cry, and mother came to the window to see what the trouble was.

"She wants to see the house go right up, mother," called Davy, "but I've got to make the foundation strong before I begin to build."

"You wouldn't like your house to fall when the first hard wind blows, would you, dear?" asked her mother, joining the children in the garden.

And then, while Davy laid his foundation, she explained to her little daughter something of what Davy had learned all the days he had watched the pile-driver.

Davy took a whole week to build the house, and that seemed a long time to his little sister; but he didn't slight one thing about it, and so when it was finished, it was quite a nice little house.

Several of the workmen paused to watch Davy, as they passed the garden fence, and to praise his good work.

One sunshiny morning, when the house was quite complete, Davy and his mother sat under one of the garden trees and watched Agnes move her things in.

"I glad you are so careful in your building" began his mother. "Did you ever think that people are like houses, my child?"

Davy's face grew puzzled, and he listened eagerly as she continued:

"You see, it's like this. Even little folks can begin by taking the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour and laying a good foundation for their lives, and as they grow older and larger they must not neglect any part of their house, but put all good works into the building."

Davy smiled as her meaning came to him.

"I never thought before of people being like houses!" he exclaimed.

"There are poor cramped houses of weak material in the world, and there are also strong, beautiful houses carefully built," his mother replied softly. "Which kind are you going to try and make your life like, Davy?"

"I mean to try and be like the strong one, mother!"

"Then," she whispered softly, "your building shall not fall, but will remain strong and good throughout all the stormy days of life.—Kathleen Hay in American Messenger.

WHITE BIRCHES.

Written by Beatrice Post Candler in the Maine Woods.

Perhaps you do not know, children, that the white birches are called fairy trees. You have noticed that they seldom grow in towns or even country villages, about people's houses. They prefer to be way out on the cliffs alone with the rocks and the sea and the sky, and, even better still, they love to make groves in the depths of the woods where, when the moonlight shines on their snow-white branches and fluttering, whispering leaves, there is something so graceful and fairy-like about them that they seem quite different from ordinary commonplace trees—the little round fat maples, for instance, that grow along everybody's avenues.

When I was a child and saw for the first time a grove of white birches in the moonlight, I felt sure that some kind of good fairies loved them and lived among them.

Once upon a time there was a little girl called Noel. She had been named that because she had the same birthday as another Child who was born nearly two thousand years ago; who knew more about spiritual thoughts than anyone else who has ever lived. He loved the mountains and the woods, you remember, and stayed among them as much as He could to think and pray so that He might teach people all about the great unseen world which He could see plainly and understand.

Well, little Noel had been born with a gift of her own, perhaps because she had the same birthday as that other Child who lived so long before her. She, too, was to see things at times in her life that other people could not see, and she saw them quite plainly, though no one can explain to us why some persons never see anything but their clothes and their dinners, while other persons see things that are altogether different and a great deal more interesting.

Now in the village where Noel lived there were many unattractive children whom she did not like very much but whom she had to play with. One was a little boy with a bad temper who seemed to see only evil in everyone about him, and after a while he had grown blind so that he could not see anything more except what he imagined, and the very playmates he abused he was dependent upon, for they had to lead him about, pitying him but not loving him.

Another was a little girl who was never interested in anything except what was disagreeable or unpleasant about others, and the ugly things of the world. She took no pleasure in hearing the birds sing, or music, or beautiful words which make another kind of music that is called poetry. One day her companions found that she had become deaf in a way, so that she really could not hear anything at all that was pleasant.

There was also a lad who would never take a step for older people or weaker people and he finally became lame so that he could not play or move about easily to amuse himself. And there was another boy who was always afraid of everything until he became so that he shrank back from many things that would not have hurt him, and suffered terrors before what would have done him no harm at all, till his face became stamped with the expression of his constant fears, and I think of them all, that his life was the hardest for himself.

There was one other child, a little girl with such a kind heart, but she could not keep quiet because it amused her to rush about and scream all the time. And after a while she really could not sit still or speak gently. This worried and tired other people so that they avoided her,—poor little lonely fidgety girl!

So these were Noel's companions. One holiday she took them all for a walk in the woods and they went a long distance, on and on—Noel herself not knowing whither or where, until she realized they had lost their way. Then the dusk and the dark night come down and Noel wondered what she should do. Of course the little coward began to scream and cry, and the restless girl, although she was not a bit afraid, began to fuss and fidget. What was worst of all, the blind boy flew into a passion with every one, striking at each in turn so that it was more difficult than ever to help him along on his road. While all the while the deaf girl kept laughing disagreeably and saying that of course Noel had led them there on purpose to get them lost and make them suffer.

"But," cried Nael, "we have come to the most beautiful place; a grove of birches, all white and green under the stars! Do see how wonderful it is!

"No," said the blind boy, striking at the hand that was outstretched to save him from stumbling, "I cannot see anything but darkness, so there can be nothing light and fair on earth."

"And there is music," cried Noel, " as though a hundred voices were singing among the birches. They are singing 'Peace on Earth and Love, Love, Love'."

"No," said the little deaf girl sullenly, "there is no music; only an ugly stillness all round about me in the world."

All of a sudden the moon rose and Noel saw that the grove was filled with radiant creatures moving to and fro, playing and singing and rejoicing with one another as though they had found something precious and glorious. Noel was so filled with rapture in watching and listening to them that she forgot her companions for a moment, until at last she heard them crying and complaining and groping about her. Then she looked at them with infinite pity forgetting how often she had disliked and run away from them.

"What can I do for them!" she cried impulsively, "so that they may see and hear and walk."

"Teach them to love," answered the fairies. "We have learned to love. Where there is the power to love there is unselfishness and strength, and light for those that sit in darkness."

Little by little a path opened up before the children to lead them out of the woods. Noel led them, watching as she went the wonderful things that showed her the way, and listening to their voices, while the others followed although they saw only the glimmer of the slender white tree-trunks in the moonlight, and one of them saw nothing at all but the darkness of his own little soul.

Suddenly the blind boy stumbled and the coward sprang forward to help him, but to the surprise of everyone the blind boy did not try to strike.

After a time one of the little girls fell down upon her knees, and the lame boy thought—"She is tired. I would lift her if I could. It is a pity I am lame,"—When, lo, as the thought passed through his mind the strength came into his body! He picked up the little girl and carried her, and as he bore her along she ceased to fidget for the first time in her life, and became perfectly tranquil and happy.

Thn the deaf girl called to Noel that she had heard a bird sing, and she laughed and laughed at the very joyousness of it. She told the blind boy gently how pretty it looked as it sat on the birch bough and sang, and he thanked her, and thanked all the others who had helped and encouraged him on his way.

Finally they came to the edge of the wood and stood looking down upon the village where they lived, and softly the fairies stole away one by one and left Noel alone with them.

Suddenly the blind boy cried out with a loud voice that he could see, and that the world was full of the light of beautiful white stars!

So they went along the village streets to their homes, but the girl who had been deaf kept looking backward toward the woods where they had found the grove of birches. "For the first time in years," she whispered, "I can hear music. Something in the forest is singing; and though I cannot understand it yet, the whole earth is filled with its glory."—Children's Blue Bird Magazine.

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